

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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**T**HROUGH the month of December is one which brings gloomy clouds and stormy winds, it is not by any means without its pleasures. The children, not apt to look deeply into the future, are delighted to see the first snow-flakes, and with them the first day on which the "*ice will bear*" is little less than a jubilee. And then that good old generous festival, Christmas, comes on the twenty-fifth of the month, and sour must be the bosom that does not feel the kindly influence of this holiday.

Christmas is the anniversary of Christ's birthday; and it is fit and proper that it

should be signalized by deeds of charity, and by a general feeling of good-will to men. In the olden time, the day was noticed by voluptuous eating and deep drinking; and Christmas was then personified as a fat, lusty old guzzler, rising out of a punch-bowl, as is represented in the engraving above. This was a great abuse of this happy fête-day; and it shows how coarse and brutal men may become, even in noticing a religious festivity. At the present day, in foreign countries, Christmas is still celebrated by many foolish observances, and some vicious practices. But, as the world improves,

these evils are mitigated, and Christmas is now generally noticed in a proper manner. It is a day in which our hearts should be thankful for the undeserved blessings we enjoy; for light, and life, and happiness; and, above all, for the gift, beyond price, of Christ's wondrous mission to mankind. Our bosoms being filled with such emotions, we should make this day an occasion of good deeds to the poor, the unfortunate, the wretched; a day of forgiveness to enemies, of charity to all the world.

### Exercise.

**W**ITHOUT the regular exercise of the body, its health cannot be maintained: the body becomes weak, the countenance pale and languid, and the spirits depressed and gloomy. Regular bodily exercise, on the contrary, creates a healthy appetite, invigorates the powers of digestion, causes sound and refreshing sleep, a freshness of the complexion, and cheerfulness of the spirits; it wards off disease, and tends to preserve the vigor of both mind and body to an advanced age.

During the winter season, active exercise in the open air preserves the warmth of the body, and renders it less susceptible to the influence of cold, and less dependent for its comfort on artificial heat. The periods of the day best adapted to exercise are early in the morning, and towards the close of the day.

Walking is the most beneficial and most natural exercise, because, in the erect position, every part of the body is free from restraint, while, by the gentle motion communicated to each portion of

it, in the act of walking, free circulation is promoted. Next to walking, riding on horseback is the kind of exercise to be preferred.

Many other species of exercise may be considered as contributing to the support of health; such as working in the garden or in the fields, running, leaping, dancing, and swimming.

### Grace.

**B**E graceful in your manners. The different effect of the same thing, said or done, when accompanied or deserted by graceful manners, is almost inconceivable; for these prepare the way to the heart.

From your own observation, reflect what a disagreeable impression an awkward address, a slovenly figure, an ungraceful manner of speaking, — whether fluttering, muttering, or drawling, — make upon you at first sight, in a stranger, and how they prejudice you against him.

### Nicholas Poussin.

**T**HIS distinguished artist was born at Audely, in Normandy, in 1594. He was descended from a noble family, whose fortunes had been ruined by the civil wars in the time of Charles IX. and Henry III. At an early age, he evinced a talent for drawing; and, after forming an acquaintance with Quintin Varin, an artist of some eminence, he induced his father to permit him to adopt painting as a profession.

After having studied for some time at Paris, in the greatest misery, he determined on visiting Rome; but his money failing him, he was forced to return to the French capital. The poor fellow, at this period, was so reduced, that, having met a recruiting party, he determined on enlisting, in order to save himself from starvation; but the sergeant, seeing his thin and haggard appearance, would not accept of his services, deeming him too weak for the hardships of a military life. Thus it is to his apparent weakness, caused most probably by want and discouragement, that we owe the greatest artist that France ever produced. If it had not been for this, what might have been his lot! Poussin, being a man of enterprise, might have become a general, perhaps a marshal of France, for in his time such changes occurred; but it was ordained otherwise; he became a great artist, a profound thinker, a genius, whose works will be appreciated, and whose fame will be acknowledged, in all civilized countries.

The famed Italian poet, Chevalier Marini, being at Paris about this time, was so struck with some of the paintings of Poussin, which he chanced to see, that he sent for him, and, finding that he was not only talented with respect to his art, but that he was a man of superior intellect, with a richly-endowed mind, he invited him to accompany him to Rome.

Nothing could have been so agreeable to Poussin's inclination as such a proposal, for he had long felt an ardent desire to see the metropolis of art; and it would have been gratifying to him to have visited it in company with one so congenial with his own taste; but he was at that

time engaged on his picture of "The Death of the Virgin," for the church of Notre Dame, and was therefore under the necessity of declining the invitation, promising, however, that he would follow him to Italy as soon as circumstances would permit him.

In 1624, he found himself at liberty to indulge in his ardent inclination; and, on his arrival at Rome, was kindly received by the poet, who introduced him to Cardinal Barberini, nephew of the pope. This, however, was of no immediate advantage to him, as the cardinal soon after left Rome, on his legation to France and Spain. About the same time his friend the Chevalier Marini died — thus leaving the painter in a foreign land, without friends and without money, a stranger and unfriended, in a large city where his growing abilities were not known. It was therefore with difficulty that he could maintain himself by the produce of his works, which he was obliged to dispose of at a price scarcely defraying the expense of color and canvass. Reduced to a state of indigence and obscurity, which would have turned the love of a less courageous admirer of the art into disgust and despondency, he comforted himself with the reflection that he could subsist on little — that he was still at Rome, where he could indulge himself in the study of Raphael and of the master-pieces of his art.

At this period he formed an intimacy with the eminent sculptor, Frances du Quesnoy, whose finances were not in a more flourishing state than his own. He lived in the same house, studied with him, and modeled after the most celebrated statues and bass-reliefs.

The Cardinal Barberini, immediately after his embassy, engaged Poussin to execute some works for him; and, if the patronage of that prelate did not load him with riches, it at least rescued him from poverty. He painted his celebrated pictures of "The Death of Germanicus," and "The Taking of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus," so much to the satisfaction of his employer, that he procured for him the commission to paint, for St. Peter's, "The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus," now in the pontifical palace of Mount Cavallo: thus the reputation of Poussin spread over Flanders, Spain, Italy, and France, and orders were sent to him from all these countries. The Cardinal of Richelieu, having purchased his famed picture of "The Pest," wished to have others, and resolved on inducing him to come to Paris. He received this commission with regret, for he was wedded to the great objects by which he was surrounded, and it was not till he had a letter written by the king, Louis XIII., assuring him of his favor and protection, that he acceded to the request.

On his arrival, he was commissioned to paint an altar-piece for the chapel of St. Germain en Laye, when he produced his admirable work of "The Last Supper." He was afterwards engaged to decorate the Gallery of the Louvre, but had no sooner prepared the designs, representing "The Labors of Hercules," than he was attacked by the machinations of Fouet and his adherents; and even Foquiers, the landscape painter, presumed to criticize his works and to detract from their merits. Disgusted with these cabals, he turned a longing eye to the quiet felicity he had abandoned at Rome, and in the

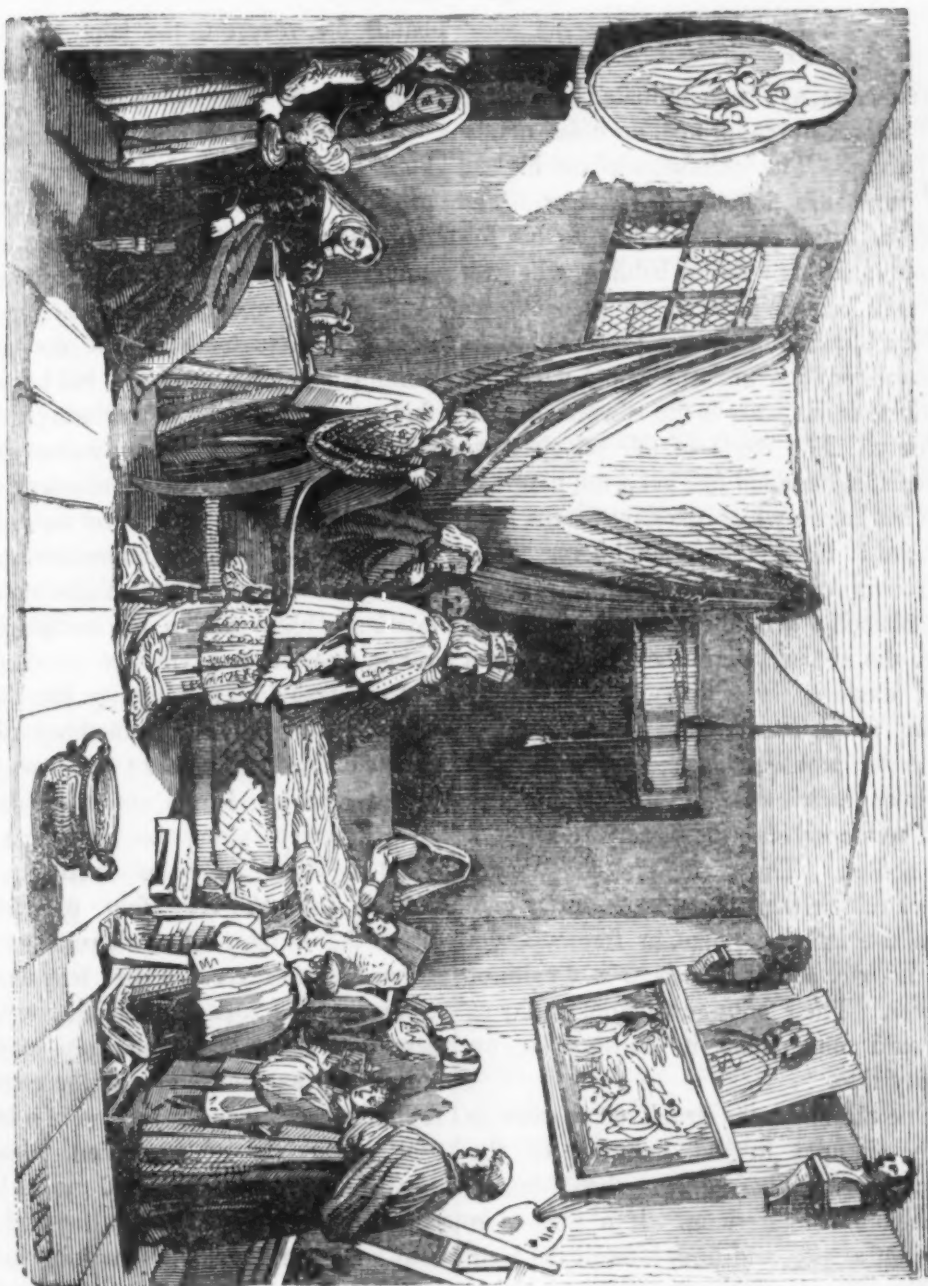
year 1642 he returned to the emporium of art, under the pretext that he was going there to settle his domestic affairs. From that time he confined himself chiefly to pictures of an easel size, for which he had a continued demand; and, although constantly employed, he never charged high for them; if more (which was often the case) was sent than the moderate sum which he had marked on the back of the picture, he always returned it. This great painter, like genius in general, preferred a state of tranquil mediocrity to ostentation; and it is reported by Felibien, "that the Cardinal Mancini, who frequently visited him, having staid later than usual, Poussin lighted him to his carriage with a lamp in his hand.

"I pity you, Poussin," said the cardinal, "that you have not one domestic for such an office."

"And I," Poussin replied, "pity your excellency much more for being obliged to keep so many."

During a period of twenty-three years after his return to Rome from Paris, he continued to enrich the cabinets of Europe with his pictures, which will be regarded as their principal ornaments. In retirement and study, this celebrated artist and humane man reached his seventy-first year, when he died from an attack of paralysis. His death-bed was surrounded by persons of the highest rank, testifying their sympathy. His funeral was attended by the principal painters of Rome, with a great number of the inhabitants, thus paying the last tribute of respect to the shade of departed genius. He was buried, according to his desire, in the church of St. Laurent, in Lucina.





*Death of Nicholas Poussin.*

## Travels and Adventures in Circassia, by Thomas Trotter.

[Continued from p. 326.]

### CHAPTER V.

CIRCASSIA, as I have intimated before, has no sovereign prince, or chief magistrate. The chieftains of the highest rank are denominated *pshees*. The will of every *pshee* is a law to his followers, and they do his bidding, whatever it may be. Wherever he presents his rifle, a hundred others are presented in the same direction; and the booty which he collects in his wars is the reward of their fidelity. The mode of life which these chieftains have led has been the cause of the bad name which the Circassians have obtained from their neighbors. The prisoners obtained in their wars have established a servile class in the country; and the slaves, whose beauty in ancient and modern times brought so high a price at Constantinople, have been at once the provocatives and the victims of their depredations.

The second class consists of the *ouzdens*, or nobles. These men, although they never mingle their blood by intermarriage with the inferior ranks, or freemen, yet are no way superior to them in wealth or power. Their only advantage, so far as I could understand it, consists in an empty title.

One circumstance struck me as exceedingly singular in the manners of the Circassians. There are, or should be, no bachelors among them. If a man is in want of a wife, and finds himself too poor to buy one, as they are very expensive articles, his society raise a subscription for him. These wives, when their hus-

bands die, revert to the joint-stock company, who dispose of them again, as they think proper.

The reader may now feel curious to know how I succeeded in my trading projects. To tell the truth, I must say that Circassia did not seem to be the country for large mercantile operations. A Yankee pedler might, indeed, get rid of a tolerably rich stock of notions, by perambulating the country; but he would find a great difficulty in realizing the result of his sales, in a convenient shape. As the Circassians have hardly any trade among themselves, they have no money. As they have neither mines, nor manufactures, nor agriculture, their stock of articles which possess an exchangeable value, must be very small.

I proceeded on my journey into the interior, hoping to find something like a town or large settlement; but none such met my view. I was compelled to put off my wares along the road, and this could be done only by bartering my trifkets for the very few productions which the country afforded, such as foxskins, beeswax, &c. There was another article which I was not so willing to take, namely, women, although they may be considered as the staple of the country. A fine bargain was offered me of a beautiful young girl of seventeen, whom I might have sold, as they told me, at Constantinople, at a profit of a hundred per cent. I had no notion of making such a purchase; but I pretended to chaffer about her, merely to learn their notions of this sort of traffic. On being admitted to a

night of her, she proved to be extremely handsome, but was frightened absolutely out of her wits at the thought of being sold to an American, a species of person of whom she knew no more than she did of the Hottentots or the Chinese. This, however, was not the sole cause of her fright. Another fellow, whom I strongly suspected of a design to speculate in her himself, had been telling her a heap of bugbear stories about me. He informed her that the Americans were all ogres and cannibals; that we ate little boys for breakfast, young girls for dinner, and old gentlemen for supper; that the luckiest fate which could betide her, in my hands, was to be nicely pickled and peppered, and served up cold at a temperance tea-party. You may be sure that I laughed heartily when I heard all this; but it was not so easy to quiet her apprehensions of being devoured, and it was only when I gave her repeated assurances of my design not to purchase her that she began to recover from the fright.

A scene quite characteristic of the country presented itself to my view on the fourth day of my journey. This day had been sultry, and my ride through a very wild region, unenlivened by the sight of towns or villages, was lonely and silent. Towards evening, I came suddenly upon a sort of rural encampment. The cool evening breeze had begun to impart a balmy freshness to the atmosphere, and the sylvan and secluded aspect of the spot, contrasted with the warlike appearance of the inhabitants, presented a scene of mingled interest at once soothing and exciting. The herds of cattle, just driven in from pasturing, had partly filled the

court-yard, and were scampering nither and thither, with a troop of children and dogs at their heels. A number of strapping girls, half veiled and loosely clad, were busily engaged in milking the cows and goats. Mixed up with them, reposing on the green turf, collected in clusters, or sauntering about, were the robust and martial figures of the mountaineers, some washing their hands and feet for the evening prayer, some engaged in graceful evolutions, some with their short wooden pipes in their mouths, some singing, and others telling stories of their day's adventures. As the night drew on, this scene was diversified by the brilliant sparkling of the fire-flies, as they flitted among the shadows of the tall trees, while the dusky forms of the warriors were seen stretched beneath them, wrapped in their shaggy capotes. Meantime, the nightingales sang in the most lively strains; but their harmonious concert was seriously disturbed by the growling of innumerable dogs, the croaking of frogs, and the shrill howling of troops of jackals, which came prowling around our quarters in search of prey.

Next morning the camp broke up, and I continued my route in company with the warriors. At every step, our eyes were struck with the spectacle of the ravages of war. The trees, in every winding of the valley through which we passed, were scarred with cannon and musket-shot. On one broad-breasted oak, I counted the marks of more than thirty balls. The Circassians in my company seemed anxious that I should understand it was not by their rifles the trees had been so severely wounded; for they are not in the habit of throwing away their shot, and

seldom fire unless sure of their aim. I could see, also, that the balls had been carefully extracted from the trees, and in fact I concluded, from the scarcity of lead, that their chief supply is obtained in this manner. On the trunks of many of the trees were carved crosses, sabres, and other similar devices, indicating that Russian officers had been interred at their feet. These sylvan monuments were scattered along the whole line of march. In other places we found barrows containing heaps of the vulgar slain, who had been buried indiscriminately. The more open country presented recent traces of the enemy's encampments; black spots, where the herbage had been burned by the fires of the bivouacs, and stakes driven into the ground for the pickets. Up and down the country were strewed the ruins of houses and cottages, which had been set on fire and abandoned by the inhabitants on the approach of the Russian armies.

If this scene of ruthless destruction was afflicting to a stranger, who had been only for a moment impressed by the beauties of the Circassian landscape, what must it have been to those whose sympathies and attachments had been associated with it from earliest infancy — the natives of this beautiful country, who, instead of a scene of peaceful repose, — the place of their familiar haunts, and old hereditary trees, where they and their forefathers had sat in council, — now gazed on the marks of rapine and desolation, and the tents of the destroyer!

We approached very near the Russian encampment, and could distinctly see their tents pitched in long white rows, in front of which the soldiers were drawn

up in line, and, as we could discern with our telescopes, were eating their dinner, with their guns stacked within reach, in case of an alarm. Not caring to meddle with such troublesome neighbors, I pursued my journey, and, leaving the lofty heights which had afforded me this interesting prospect, I once more sought the shelter of the valleys. I put up for the night at the habitation of a person who had taken up a temporary abode in a secluded spot overhanging a waterfall, which tumbled over the rocks into the recess of a deep mountain glen. About a month before, he had, with his own hands, set fire to the buildings of a very rich farming establishment, which he occupied some miles distant, as the Russians approached, and fled into this wild solitude. He seemed already to have made himself at home in his new locality, where, having plenty of wood, water, and pasturage, he had little more to desire. He had constructed a comfortable house, with granaries for his corn and folds for his cattle. The guest-house was not yet quite completed; it wanted its coat of plaster, and resembled a square cage of wicker-work. Still it served very well for a summer house, and the cheerful alacrity with which the people set about administering to my comfort strewing the floor with fresh leaves, and spreading mats and cushions, made up for all deficiencies. The scenery in this spot was extremely wild; but, higher up the valley, the forest had every where yielded to the inroads of cultivation, opening wide into sunny glades, pastures, and cornfields, and betraying, by the smoke that curled over them in every part, the dwellings of man. It was chiefly, how-



ever, in the glens and gorges winding into the very heart of the mountains, that the permanent habitations of the natives were situated. Thus fortified by these mighty bulwarks heaving and towering all around, and in the very midst of the Russian armies, this romantic valley presented to the eye a picture of repose, a little Arcadia of pastoral beauty, with nothing in sight to disturb a feeling of security.

I spent several days here, in the course of which I was visited by every man, as I suppose, in the neighborhood. One morning, as I went out, I found extraordinary preparations were in hand for something or other. On inquiry, I found it was a sort of "Boz dinner," or a general entertainment, got up as a greeting to my honorable self. Although not at all accustomed to cut a figure on public occasions, yet I had no resource but to submit, and pocket the compliment. A green arbor had been constructed as a canopy to shelter the guests from the beams of the sun, which are here excessively powerful. Cushions, mats, and carpets, were spread upon the grass, and on these we reclined at our ease. The cooing of the stockdoves, and the murmuring of the mountain-stream, stealing on its way through the adjacent groves, added to the soft and dreamy tranquillity of the scene. It is unnecessary to describe the dishes that were served up, the speeches spoken, the "sentiments" delivered, and the modest diffidence with which I bore these blushing honors. It is enough to say, in the language of the newspapers, that "the whole went off with great hilarity and good feeling." I must add, however, that although the

tickets to the dinner were free, mine cost me a pretty penny, in the way of presents; for I discovered, before the party separated, that I was expected to bestow some small token of my regard upon various distinguished men who had done themselves the pleasure and me the honor of attending the "Trotter Festival."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FREDERICK THE GREAT, who was a man of some vulgar and uncouth notions, was in the habit of spending his afternoons drinking beer, and smoking a pipe, in a little island on the Spree. A few of his ministers were generally invited to meet him at the low tavern, and there they used to discuss various political topics. In one of these meetings, a minister of the Emperor Charles VI. sat between his majesty and his prime minister. The king's wrath became excited by an answer made by the Austrian, and, as his fist was more ready for a reply than his tongue, he gave him a box on the ear. M. de Siekendorf, without hesitation, gave a sounder one still to the Prussian minister, and said, "Pass it on!"

LIZABETH, empress of Russia, used to travel with amazing velocity. In winter, she performed the journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, a distance of 200 leagues, in forty-eight hours. The imperial sledge, which was provided with a "fourneau," stove, a card-table, and a sofa was drawn by twelve noble steeds, each pair of which had a postilion. This equipage was followed by a dozen grooms, each provided with

a fresh horse, in order to replace those that dropped through fatigue and exhaustion. Before the departure of this extraordinary *cortége*, the roads were all minutely examined, and the snow brought to so smooth a surface that scarcely an indentation was to be discerned.

### The Island of Chusan.

**I**N a former number of the Museum, (vol. vi. p. 99,) we gave some account of Hong Kong, one of the islands taken by the British in their late war with China. We now give a view of the harbor of Chusan, another Chinese island captured during the same contest. This lies at the mouth of the great river Yeang-tze-Kiang, and was esteemed, for many reasons, a place of much importance.

The first attack on this island was made in June, 1840, and soon after the large city of Tinghai was taken. The following account, derived from the journal of a British officer, describes this place, immediately after the capture of the island.

"The town of Tinghai, or Tinghai-neen, lies at the mouth of a valley, or rather gorge, imbosomed in luxuriant paddy, except towards the rear, where is a beautiful hill. The whole place is encircled with fortifications, and the neighboring heights are clothed with wild shrubs, most of which are tea-plants. The wall is about sixteen feet in thickness, and twenty feet in height, and has four gates; and surrounding it, except at the north-west angle, is a canal, which serves as a ditch to the fortification. Two powder-magazines were found neatly

packed and filled with ammunition, and with implements for the manufacture of powder. On the walls were mounted gins, galls and cannon of various calibres, but none exceeding a nine-pounder; and wall-pieces with shifting breeches, each having eight or nine spare breeches attached to it, ready loaded.

"The streets are narrow, and many of the houses dry-rubbed and polished outside; but the roofs are the most picturesque part of the buildings. Many of the respectable houses have pretty gardens attached to them, with a high wall shutting them out entirely from the town. The interior of some of the houses was found beautifully furnished and carved: one, that is now inhabited by the governor, and believed to be the property of a literary character, was, when first opened, the wonder and admiration of all. The different apartments opened round the centre court, which is neatly tiled. The doors, window-frames, and pillars that support the pent-roof, are carved in the most chaste and delicate style; and the interior of the ceiling and wainscot are lined with fret-work, which it must have required the greatest nicety and care to execute. The furniture was in the same keeping, denoting a degree of taste the Chinese have not, in general, credit for with us. The bed-places in the sleeping apartments of the ladies were large dormitories, for they can hardly be called beds: at one corner of the room is a separate chamber, about eight feet square and the same in height, the exterior of this is usually painted red, carved, and gilt; the entrance is through a circular aperture three feet in diameter, with sliding panels; in the interior is a

*View of the Island of Chusan.*



couch of large proportions covered with a soft mat and thick curtains of mandarin silk; the inside of the bed is polished and painted, and a little chair and table are the remaining furniture of this extraordinary dormitory. Many of the public buildings excited great astonishment among those who fancied they were in a half-barbarous country. Their public arsenals were found stocked with weapons of every description, placed with the greatest neatness and regularity in their different compartments. The clothes for the soldiers were likewise ticketed, labelled, and packed in large presses; and the arrows, which from their size and strength drew particular attention, were carefully and separately arranged. To each arsenal is attached a fire-engine, similar to those used in our own country. The government pawnbroker's shop was also a source of interest; in it were found dresses and articles of every kind, evidently things belonging to the upper as well as the lower classes, for many of the furs here taken were of valuable descriptions. Each article had the owner's name attached, and the date of its being pawned. This is another of the plans of the local government for raising their supplies."

The town is intersected with canals, which run at the back of many of the principal streets, and communicate with the suburbs and port. The joss-houses of Tinghai are surpassed by none in China. In the great temples, some of the figures are upwards of fifteen feet high; one of the smaller images was the figure of a woman, with a glory round her head and a child at her breast, which may have been taken from pictures of the Virgin which the Chinese formerly obtained from

the Jesuit missionaries. A white elephant was likewise much noticed, it being hitherto known only as a figure of worship in Burmah and Siam.

Very few women were found in any of the houses; although, as it afterwards appeared, whole families of Chinese were then residing in the town locked up in their dwellings, and were not discovered until the ulterior occupation of the city by the troops for winter quarters. All the women seen here had the little feet which, to the south, characterize the higher orders; and they made use of a crutch when walking. Many of the silks taken in the houses of mandarins and persons of wealth were magnificently embroidered.

## A Night's Adventure.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

"HIST! hist! are you still there?"

"We are, both of us. Have you seen him?"

"Yes, the wretch! I have tried for the last time to obtain from him — you know what: he received me no better than usual. So now, since extremities have become indispensable, let us proceed as agreed upon. Kirmann, courage, my boy! 'Tis close upon the stroke of twelve: he will then go out: follow, till you see him entering a dark and deserted street, then pounce upon him, hand to wrist, and make him deliver up the objects in question. No pity, my friends! swear that you will have none."

"We swear!"

"'Tis well; I shall be near at hand, and watch the result."



The three individuals thus conversing did not present the ordinary resemblance to malefactors. One of them — he who would appear to direct the enterprise — seemed to be a good sort of citizen, well clothed, healthy, of honest dimensions, and such a one as you may see every day in any frequented street, with a full handkerchief under his arm, or an empty one in his hand. Something observable in the gait, starched look, and apparently disjointed haunches, would lead you to believe that this man employed himself at some very common trade, which, that we may make no mistake, we shall not yet name.

The smaller of the remaining two had one of the most grotesque faces you can conceive. His projecting proboscis, trussed up between the eyes, might prove that nature had not forgotten to make some noses for the convenience of spectacles. His mouth was encircled with scanty and large teeth, and, add to all this, he was humpbacked. By the unsteady glimmer of a lamp swinging in the night wind, it was not impossible to perceive that the keen sight of the dwarf glanced with delight upon a pistol which he held in his right hand.

The third personage, owing to his physical conformation, partook, in some manner, of a relationship between his two associates. Gaunt, withered, and cadaverous-looking, his left arm raised as if to point his weapon at the breast of a giant, it gave him no distant resemblance to a gibbet. Ever and anon he was quaking. Was it from cold or fear? It struck the hour of midnight.

From a house well known in the quarter of St. Martin slowly poured out nearly a dozen men. The two suborned

individuals, ever on the alert, were issuing at intervals, for the purpose of reconnoitring, from the dark alley which they had chosen for concealment; they were obliged at least twenty times to go back and wait anew. At length, they espied the being of their search. It was a kind of fashionable animal, frizzed, scented, and adopting a peculiar tie of the cravat. He crossed over to the other side of the street, shivering, and humming an air, and was soon lost in one of the narrow cross-streets. He walked on rapidly, as if to avoid coming in contact with another wayfarer, whose heavy footsteps sounded not far off; but, changing all at once from the disposition of dread to that of boldness, he suddenly stopped short, and allowed sufficient time for those to come up who were effectually pursuing him.

"Halt!" cries one of them: "money or life!"

"Eh? what? eh?"

"Money or life!"

And the mouths of two pistols were presented, the one at his hat, the other at the height of his stomach.

"Speak but a word, and you are a dead man!" chimed in the two voices.

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen! I have nothing to give you. I possess but this watch, and 'tis a pinchbeck one."

"In that case, then, off with your clothes!"

"Do, kind gentlemen, be content with my hat. I have of late made the dearest sacrifices to clothe myself. My poor aged mother denied herself her little earnings to pay for my outfit."

"Liar! off with your coat, and no delay, or else — Ah, to commence, throw away that switch."

"There, then, gentlemen — there is my beautiful superfine black coat and velvet collar; you can get a hundred and twenty francs for it any where, if the tailor has not deceived me."

"Now, your vest."

"Would you send me away *en chemise*?"

"Now, off with the rest."

"O merciful Heaven! the sole pair I possess! for pity's sake, gentlemen, for pity!" A peal of laughter answered his supplication; and the same voice continued, —

"Away with you, and beware how you look behind you!"

The bird so strangely plucked of his plumage waited not for a second injunction. He sped on his course, propelled forward by the fresh morning breeze, and a slight crack of a whip, which descended on his shoulders as he was turning the first corner. He received, the following morning, by the earliest post, a billet thus penned: —

"Considering you as much a coward as a swindler, I contrived last night to set my two journeymen, Paul and Kirmann, across your path, each furnished with a chocolate pistol. You might have supped off them. I had them previously attested by my worthy friend, the commissary of police. You preferred restoring the clothes with which I had furnished you, and for which you had refused paying me. You have done right, for we are now quits. Get angry, if you choose, and receive the felicitations of your very humble servant,

"YOUR TAILOR."

## A Persian Fable.\*

IN former days, there was an old woman, who lived in a hut more confined than the minds of the ignorant, and more dark than the tombs of misers. Her companion was a cat, from the mirror of whose imagination the appearance of bread had never been reflected, nor had she from friends or strangers ever heard its name. It was enough that she now and then scented a mouse, or observed the print of its feet upon the floor. When, blessed by favoring stars, or benignant fortune, one fell into her claws, she became like a beggar who discovers a treasure of gold; her cheeks glowed with rapture, and past grief was consumed by present joy. This feast would last for a week or more; and while enjoying it, she was wont to exclaim, "Am I, O God! when I contemplate this, in a dream, or awake? Am I to experience such prosperity after such adversity?"

But, as the dwelling of the old woman was in general the mansion of famine to this cat, she was always complaining, and forming extravagant and fanciful schemes. One day, when reduced to extreme weakness, she with much exertion reached the top of the hut; when there, she observed a cat stalking on the wall of a neighbor's house, which, like a fierce tiger, advanced with measured steps, and was so loaded with flesh that she could hardly raise her feet. The old woman's friend was amazed to see one of her own species so fat and sleek, and broke out into the following exclamation: —

\* Literally translated from the Persian, by Sir John Malcolm.

"Your stately strides have brought you here at last; pray tell me from whence you came — from whence you have arrived with so lovely an appearance. You look as if from the banquet of the khan of Khatai. Where have you acquired such a comeliness? and how came you by that glorious strength?"

The other answered, "I am the sultan's crumb-eater. Each morning, when they spread the convivial table, I attend at the palace, and there exhibit my address and courage. From among the rich meats and wheat-cakes, I cull a few choice morsels; I then retire, and pass my time till next day in delightful indolence." The old dame's cat requested to know what "rich meat" was, and what taste "wheat-cakes" had. "As for me," she added, in a melancholy tone, "during my life, I have neither ate nor seen any thing but the old woman's gruel, and the flesh of mice." The other, smiling, said, "This accounts for the difficulty I find in distinguishing you from a spider. Your shape and stature are such as must make the whole generation of cats blush; and we must ever feel ashamed while you carry so miserable an appearance abroad. You certainly have the ears and tail of a cat; but in other respects you are a complete spider. Were you to see the sultan's palace, and to smell his delicious viands, most undoubtedly those withered bones would be restored; you would receive new life; you would come from behind the curtain of invisibility into the plain of observation: when the perfume of his beloved passes over the tomb of a lover, is it wonderful that his putrid bones should be reanimated?"

The old woman's cat addressed the

other in the most supplicating manner: "O my sister!" she exclaimed, "have I not the sacred claims of a neighbor upon you? Are we not linked in the ties of kindred? What prevents your giving a proof of friendship, by taking me with you when next you visit the palace? Perhaps from your favor plenty may flow to me, and from your patronage I may attain dignity and honor. Withdraw not from the friendship of the honorable; abandon not the support of the elect."

The heart of the sultan's crumb-eater was melted by this pathetic address. She promised her new friend should accompany her on the next visit to the palace. The latter, overjoyed, went down immediately from the terrace, and communicated every particular to the old woman, who addressed her with the following counsel: "Be not deceived, my dearest friend, with the worldly language you have listened to: abandon not your corner of content; for the cup of the covetous is only to be filled by the dust of the grave, and the eye of cupidity and hope can only be closed by the needle of mortality and the thread of fate. It is content that makes men rich. Mark this, ye avaricious, who traverse the world. He neither knows or pays adoration to his God, who is dissatisfied with his condition and fortune." But the expected feast had taken such possession of poor puss's imagination, that the medicinal counsel of the old woman was thrown away. The good advice of all the world is like wind in a cage, or water in a sieve, when bestowed on the headstrong.

To conclude: Next day, accompanied by her companion, the half-starved cat hobbled to the sultan's palace. Before

this unfortunate wretch came, as it is decreed that the covetous shall be disappointed, an extraordinary event had occurred, and, owing to her evil destiny, the water of disappointment was poured on the flame of her immature ambition. The case was this: A whole legion of cats had, the day before, surrounded the feast, and made so much noise, that they disturbed the guests, and, in consequence, the sultan had ordered that some archers, armed with bows from Tartary, should, on this day, be concealed, and that whatever cat advanced into the field of valor, covered with the shield of audacity, should, on eating the first morsel, be overtaken with their arrows. The old dame's puss was not aware of this order. The moment the flavor of the viands reached her, she flew like an eagle to the place of her prey. Scarcely had the weight of a mouthful been placed in the scale to balance her hunger, when a heart-dividing arrow pierced her breast. A stream of blood rushed from the wound. She fled, in dread of death, after having exclaimed — "Should I escape from this terrific archer, I will be satisfied with my mouse, and the miserable hut of my old mistress. My soul rejects the honey if accompanied by the sting. Content, with the most frugal fare, is preferable."

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**M**ETAPHYSICS. — A Scotch blacksmith, being asked the meaning of *metaphysics*, explained it as follows: "When the party who listens dinna ken what the party who speaks means, and when the party who speaks dinna ken what he means himsel, that is metaphysics."

## Letter from Dr. Darwin's Cat to Miss Seward's Cat.

WRITTEN BY DR. DARWIN.

*Litchfield Vicarage, Nov. 8, 1780.*

**D**EAR MISS PUSSY: As I sat the other day basking myself in the sun in the Dean's Walk, and saw you in your stately window, washing your beautiful round face and elegant brinded ears with your velvet paws, and whisking about, with graceful sinuosity, your meandering tail, that treacherous hedgehog, Cupid, concealed himself behind your tabby beauties, and shot one of his too well-aimed quills, and pierced — O cruel imp! — my fluttering heart.

Ever since that fatal hour have I watched day and night in my balcony, hoping that the stillness of the starlight evening might induce you to take the air on the leads of your house. Many serenades have I sung under your window, and with the sound of my shrill voice made the whole vicarage reëcho through all its winding lanes and dirty alleys.

All heard me but my cruel fair one! She, wrapped in fur, sat purring with contented insensibility, or slept with untroubled dreams.

Though I cannot boast the shining tortoise-shell that clothes my fair brinded charmer; though I cannot boast those delicate varieties of melody, with which you sometimes ravish the ear of night, and stay the listening stars; though you sleep hourly, lulled on the lap of the Muses, or patted by those fair fingers which hold the pen of science, and every day, with her permission, dip your white



whiskers in delicious cream! — nor am I utterly destitute of all advantages of birth and beauty; derived from Persian kings, my white fur still retains the splendor and softness of their ermine. This morning I sat upon the doctor's tea-table, and saw my features reflected in the slop-basin, my long white whiskers, ivory teeth, and topaz eyes; — and sure the slop-basin does not flatter me, which shows the azure flowers upon its border less beautiful than they are.

You know not, dear Miss Pussy, the value of the heart you slight. New milk have I in flowing streams, and mice pent up in twenty garrets for your food and your amusement. — O, permit me this afternoon to lay at your divine feet the head of an immense Norway rat, who has even now stained my paws with his gore. If you will do me the honor to sing the following in the evening, I will bring a band of cat-gut and cat-caul to accompany you in chorus.

- 1 Cats I scorn, who, sleek and fat,  
Shiver at a Norway rat:  
Rough and hardy, bold and free,  
Be the cat that's made for me; —
- 2 He whose nervous paw can take  
My lady's lapdog by the neck;  
With furious hiss attack the hen,  
And snatch a chicken from the pen.
- 3 If the treacherous swain should prove  
Rebellious to my tender love,  
My scorn the vengeful paw shall dart,  
Shall tear his fur, and pierce his heart.

*Chorus.* — Quow, wow, qual, waw, mow.

“Deign, most adorable charmer, to purr your assent to this my request; and believe me to be, with the most profound respect, your true admirer,

SNOW.



Talleyrand.

CHARLES MAURICE TALLEYRAND DE PÉRIGORD, was one of the most wonderful men of modern times. He was born at Paris, in 1754; and, being lame and feeble from his birth, he was educated for the church. By the influence of his family, he obtained rapid promotion, and, at the age of thirty-five, he was bishop of Autun.

In 1789, he was a member of the French Assembly, and joined heartily in the revolutionary movements of that body. He not only aided in measures calculated to prostrate the clergy, but joined in the movements of the period, which set religion wholly aside, and substituted human reason as the supreme guide of society.

But at last the times became too stormy

for his timid disposition ; and, accordingly, he fled to England, being able to save only a small part of his large fortune. The British government were jealous of him, and he was obliged to quit the country. In this dilemma, he came to the United States, where he spent some time.

After the fall of Robespierre, and the termination of the reign of terror, Talleyrand went back to Paris, and was made minister of foreign affairs, the government being then in the hands of the Directory. In this capacity, he was engaged in a shabby attempt to extort money from our American envoys who arrived in Paris in 1797. "France wants money," said the minister, "and must have it." This affair became public, and the popular clamor against the minister caused his dismissal from office.

The disposition of Talleyrand led him to avoid taking a bold and open part ; and he always sought to obtain power by fixing upon some leading character, to whom he made himself useful, thus promoting his own ambition. For this reason he espoused the cause of Bonaparte, and, when the latter became consul, the former was again appointed minister of foreign affairs. From this period till 1807, Talleyrand was Napoleon's chief counsellor ; but at this date a coolness took place between them, which was never removed. The ex-minister had gained the title of Prince of Benevento, and acquired an immense fortune, and was therefore a man of consequence. But he was remarkable for his satirical wit, and, being a person of great taste and refinement, he was rather disgusted with the rude manners of some of Napoleon's new-made lords

and ladies. He did not spare his sarcasms ; and as they were very biting, and were repeated as good jests through all Europe, he became an object of no little hatred : at the same time, his great sagacity, and talents for political intrigue, made him equally feared. An instance of his penetration of mind, and talent for significant remark, was furnished when Bonaparte set out for the conquest of Russia, with near half a million of men. "This," said he, "is the beginning of the end." And such it proved, the beginning of that downfall which was consummated three years after at Waterloo.

When the allied armies, in 1814, entered Paris, the Russian emperor, Alexander, took lodgings at the house of the Prince of Benevento. From this time the latter joined the interest of the Bourbons, and, when Louis XVIII. was restored, he became his prime minister. In 1830, he was sent to England as ambassador, which place he held till 1835. On his return to Paris, he became a private citizen, and so continued till his death.

The last days of this extraordinary man corresponded with his previous career. Like Richelieu and Mazarin, he died surrounded by a crowd, and his death-bed scene had all the appearance of a political levee.

The first symptoms of the complaint which carried him off were a shivering fit and repeated vomiting. He underwent an operation at the loins with great fortitude, merely once saying, "You give me great pain." He was perfectly aware of his danger. Having asked his medical men if they thought they could cure him, they rightly estimated his strength of mind, and told him at once that he

ought to put his affairs in order, and for the future attend to nothing but the care of his health. Being in his eighty-fifth year, his strength was soon exhausted by the disease.

The afternoon of Thursday, the 17th of May, 1838, will be noted as the date of the prince's death. He expired at four o'clock, the immediate cause of his dissolution being gangrene.

He had for some time prepared, and addressed to the pope, a written retraction of his conduct at the famous ceremony of the Federation, where he forgot his episcopal ordination, and condescended to bless that democratic festival. He received absolution; and, extreme unction being administered, he died in the peace of the Catholic church, although the archbishop of Paris, to whom he had sent a copy of his letter to the pope, kept aloof from his bedside. Louis Philippe, however, visited the death-bed of the veteran statesman, whose respect for etiquette and courtly ideas was manifest in his dying moments. He insisted on presenting the king to all who happened to be with him, and, in the true aristocratic spirit of his order, he acknowledged the royal visit, not as the act of warm private friendship, but as "a *great honor* done to his house." Madame Adelaide, sister of the king, also visited the prince, and M. Thiers, and Count Mole, with other distinguished public characters, attended his last moments.

His funeral took place amidst great pomp and magnificence. The body was laid in the church of the Assumption, and the masses said were short. At the four corners of the hearse walked Marshal Soult, Count Mole, Chancellor Pasquier,

and the Duke de Broglie; and immediately afterwards came the clergy, the ministers, the *corps diplomatique*, the peers, deputies, members of the institute, and the civil and military authorities, all dressed in their state costumes and walking uncovered.

After all, the best and most truly earned fame of Talleyrand is that of an epigrammatist. His remarks were pointed arrows, which he knew how to fling effectively from his retreat or his palace of the Rue St. Florentine, and which were always found to embody in a few words the current judgment. Yet his wit was the wit of intellect, not of temperament. It was full of meaning; always suggestive of thought; most frequently caustic. His reserve, probably constitutional, but heightened by the circumstances of his early life, and cultivated upon principle, was impenetrable. In advanced life, it seemed even to have affected his physical appearance.

It has been said, that, when at rest, but for his glittering eye, it would have been difficult to feel certain that it was not a statue that was placed before you. When his sonorous voice broke upon the ear, it was like a possessing spirit speaking from a graven image. Even in comparatively early life, his power of banishing all expression from his countenance, and the soft and heavy appearance of his features, was remarked as contrasting strangely with the manly energy indicated by his deep and powerful voice. Mirabeau, in the beginning, Napoleon at the close of the revolution, threw him into the shade; but he outlasted both. The secret of his power was patience and pertinacity; and his life has the appearance of being pre-

ternaturally lengthened out when we recollect the immense number of widely-removed characters and events of which he was the contemporary.

## "Take Care of Number One!"

### CHAPTER II.

[Continued from p. 329.]

THE funeral of old Karl was not a matter of great ceremony, and was soon over; yet it made a deep impression upon his son. When it was past, and the boy came back to his home, the place seemed even more desolate than the grave. The old black cat, now his only companion, more lank and lean than ever, looked upon him, with her large green eyes, in a manner so anxious and wistful as to excite a gush of sympathy in the child's bosom. Reaching forth his hands, he took her to his bosom, and burst into a flood of tears. This gave him some relief; but when evening arrived, his sense of desolation became overpowering. Feeling that he could remain there no longer, he took his cap, and sallied forth, scarcely knowing whither he went. By a kind of instinct, his feet took the path to the graveyard, and in a short time Jacob was standing by the heap of fresh earth, beneath which his father lay. He sat down, and old Fire-eyes, having followed him, took up her position on a moss-covered tombstone, close by.

Jacob's eyes were now dry, but his heart was burdened with unspeakable sorrow. He sat for a long time musing upon his own fate and his father's memory. After

a time, his eyes wandered to the scene around, — to the gravestones that stood erect, or inclined at various angles, in the field before him. He then looked a while at the stones, and finally, resting his head upon his folded arms, he fell asleep. He then dreamed of many things, passing, in wild confusion, before him. At length he seemed to be again at home, and his father to be on his death-bed. The old man was faint and gasping; but he whispered something about a heap of gold and silver buried deep in the cellar, and hidden beneath a stone; and finally, as he was breathing his last, he seemed to exclaim, — "*Jacob, take care of Number One!*"

At this point of his dream the boy awoke. Finding himself cold and stiff, he arose, and, followed by the cat, returned toward his miserable dwelling. As he was approaching the hut, he thought he saw the glimmering of a light within the house. He advanced cautiously, and, peeping in at a hole, saw a man, with a candle, descending into the cellar. Here the latter began to throw aside a heap of boards and sticks; and at last, lifting a large stone, he stooped down, and drew from a cavity in the ground a heavy sack. Taking a peep into the mouth of the bag, the man's eyes seemed to expand, as if he enjoyed a sudden glimpse of Paradise. As he turned his head from this view, he caught a sight of old Fire-eyes, who, by this time, had entered a corner of the cellar, where she stood glaring at the thief, with a look of awful wonder. The man's hand trembled, his teeth chattered, the bag slipped from his fingers, and fell to the earth with a clash, which seemed to declare the riches of



its contents. At this, the old cat fled, and the robber, getting courage, clutched the sack, tied it up hastily, and, looking warily around, left the cottage and strode across the fields. Jacob marked his countenance well, and the image was too deeply stamped upon his mind ever to be effaced.

The boy now entered his cottage, and though, for a time, his mind was greatly agitated with the scene he had just witnessed, he at last threw himself upon his humble bed, and fell asleep. The sun was high in the heavens when he awoke. The day was fair and bright. The shadows of the night had fled, and Jacob felt, even amid the scenes of his late sorrows and anxieties, a youthful flow of cheerfulness and hope. Yet what was he to do? He was but ten years of age, and of course could not live alone. He had no friends, no counselors. His father's habits had kept all the world away, and he had lived almost as much apart from society as if he had been of a different race from the rest of mankind. His house was half a mile distant from any other, and two miles from the village. He had never been at school, or at church, and if he had occasionally met any of the children of the neighborhood, they had generally passed shyly by on the other side of the way.

Jacob's experience in the ways of the world was therefore small. He could neither read nor write, and his stock of knowledge consisted almost wholly in facts derived from his own observations, from the bubbling up of thoughts within his breast, and from the brief but emphatic instructions of his eccentric father.

His reflections, therefore, suggested by

the question, "What shall I do?" were neither very useful nor very practical. Pretty soon he began to feel the cravings of hunger. He had eaten nothing the day before, and when he began to think of this, and saw no means at hand by which he could satisfy his appetite, his desire for something to eat became extreme. While he was exercised with these feelings, he heard a knock at the door; and saying, "Walk in!" he was not a little astonished to see the very man enter who had stolen the sack on the preceding night. He was a short, thickset man, of sharp, keen features, well-dressed, and having some appearance of a gentleman. Though Jacob had never seen him before, except on the occasion just mentioned, his features were too clearly recognized to admit any doubt of his identity.

The man soon spoke to the boy, telling him that his father had committed him to his care, and he had now come to fulfil the duty thus imposed upon him. After some conversation, Jacob entered the stranger's wagon, and they rode away together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A Contradiction.

THE word "fast" is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The Delaware is *fast* when the ice is immovable; and then the ice disappeared very *fast*, for it was loose. A clock is called *fast*, when it is quicker than time; but a man is told to stand *fast* when he is desired to remain stationary. People *fast*, when they have nothing to eat; and eat *fast*, consequently, when opportunity offers.

**ANGER.**—It used to be said that the leopard could be caught by a trap, with a mirror so contrived, that the animal, on seeing the reflection of himself, would imagine that he had met with an enemy, and so attack it; upon which the trap would spring and secure him.

I have heard of a boy who had never seen a mirror, till one day, being in a great passion, he happened to pass one. He thought the image he saw was another boy, and it looked so wicked, that he was very much alarmed. He lifted his stick to defend himself, when the boy in the glass lifted his stick also. He took this for a challenge, and struck at the imaginary boy, thus dashing the mirror in pieces. The leopard, then, is not alone in disliking his own angry face, so long as he thinks it belongs to somebody else.

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**NECDOTE OF THE CAT.**—A cat, which had been long remarked as one of the wildest of those which frequented a barn on the borders of a wood in Ayrshire,—so wild, indeed, as to be seldom seen,—was several times, during a sharp frost, observed, with no little surprise, to pass and repass into the adjacent farm-house, which it had not, for some years, been known either to enter or approach. It might have been inferred that it was compelled by hunger, had not this been the best season for catching birds; but, in one of its stealthy visits, it was seen snugly coiled up beside a baby in the cradle, to the no small horror of the mother, who imagined, in accordance with the popular prejudice, that it had

come to suck the baby's breath. All that could be said to persuade her of the impossibility of the cat doing this was of no avail, and orders were immediately given to every servant on the farm to kill the poor cat wherever she could be found. Her caution and agility, however, were long successful in saving her; and, though the persecution she thus experienced rendered her, if possible, much wilder than before, yet she was not thereby deterred—not even after being wounded by a pitchfork, and her leg lamed by throwing a hatchet at her—from paying a daily visit to the baby in the cradle, because it was the warmest place within her knowledge; and, next to food, she considered warmth as indispensable to life. She persisted thus in venturing to the cradle, till she was at length intercepted and killed.

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### Irish Gallantry.

**A**T a crowded lecture in Boston, one evening, a young lady, standing at the door of the church, was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion, with, "*Indade miss, I should be glad to give you a sate but the empty ones are all full.*"

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**GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD.**—An honest hermit in Italy, upon being once asked how he could venture to live alone in a cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation, replied that Providence was his next-door neighbor.

## Correspondence.

WE have now come to the last number of our Museum for 1845, and we must accordingly make our annual adieu to the departed year, prepare a title-page and frontispiece for our volume, and finish up our correspondence with our young friends, whose favors claim acknowledgment.

As to our farewell to the old year, we have thought it best to do that by way of a song, which will be found on our last page: for frontispiece, we have chosen a picture of a girl going to market; she will sell her apples, quinces, &c., and among the pleasant things she intends to buy is a full-bound volume of Merry's Museum. How pleased she will be to find her own portrait at the very beginning of the book! As to the title-pages and indexes for Vols. IX. & X., they will be found in their proper places.

And now for our little friends the letter-writers. Here is a good story from one of them.

*Leominster, October 1, 1845.*

MR. MERRY:

I THOUGHT I would write you a little incident that came under my observation in my younger days, showing how the fiercest anger can be tamed to love in an instant by one act of kindness.

I was passing over the bridge that leads into our beautiful village one summer day, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a small boat, filled with boys, which came floating down the stream. The day was beautiful, and the boys were in great glee, appearing to enjoy themselves highly.

At the same time that I observed the boat, I noticed a boy on the bank, who was follow-

ing the boat as it floated along, and kept throwing stones at the boys in the boat. They requested him to stop, but he only threw the more. At last, the patience of the boys in the boat became exhausted, and they told him that, if he threw any more, they would come ashore and whip him. But he continuing to throw, and they becoming more enraged, one of the boys declared that he would go ashore and chastise him severely.

Accordingly, he sprang forward after an oar; but his foot slipping, he was thrown into the water, which at that place was very deep, and the current being very swift, he was in danger of being drowned. Now, it happened that none of the boys could swim; they therefore immediately called upon the boy on land, entreating him to save their companion. For a moment he hesitated, but it was only for a moment; the next, he had cast off his coat, plunged into the stream, and swam with all his strength toward the boy in the water, who meanwhile had continued to float.

The young hero approached him, encouraged by the shouts of the by-standers, who had collected together. Just before he reached him, the boy sank. Without a moment's hesitation, the swimmer dived down, and in a moment more appeared with his burden, and struck boldly for the shore, which he at length reached entirely exhausted. The boy was conveyed to his home, where, in a few days, he completely recovered. Since then, firmer friends you never saw; and though years have passed over their heads, their friendship continues unbroken, and probably will, till time is no more.

Yours, respectfully,

CHARLES H. A——.

The following story has the appearance of romance, but we believe it to be a true history of what actually happened.

Randolph, October, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

You will oblige a subscriber by inserting in your Museum

### THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA.

OF the history of this singular personage very little is known previous to the time of his arrival in Niagara. He was supposed to have been the son of a nobleman in England. He had received an excellent education, and possessed some talents; but, by some misfortune, he became deranged.

He came to Niagara in the summer of 1835, and, by his singular manners and appearance, attracted the attention of the strangers who visit the great Falls. He kept aloof from all company as much as possible, speaking to no one unless spoken to, and then giving short and evasive answers. Soon after his arrival, he commenced building himself a hut, on the south-western extremity of Goat Island. Here he lived for nearly two years in entire seclusion from the world, with no companions except a cat and dog, to whom he became very much attached, as they were faithful watchers of his humble home. His chief occupation was composing poetry. This he wrote in English, and then turned it into Latin; but he immediately destroyed it. He also wrote music, and played the violin and flute excellently. His chief delight was in viewing the cataract from different places. His favorite resort was near the spot where Prospect Tower now stands. Here he might be seen, at all seasons of the year, and at all times of the night, perched on the end of a huge timber which projected over the precipice, gazing with steadfast eye upon the falls, whilst ever and anon he cast his eye downward into the awful chasm which yawned beneath. No one knew his thoughts, or his motives for his conduct. We can only say that here he lived and here he died, his life a benefit to no one, and the genius and intellect which might have been an ornament to society, and a benefit to the world, passed away in obscurity and neglect. F—.

Norwalk, October, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

MY sister and I have laid our heads together and elicited the answer to the geographical enigma, sent by C. H. E. and W. T. A., in the October number of the Museum, videlicet, *Major-General William Henry Harrison*. We likewise take the liberty to send an enigma, which we should be happy to see in the Museum.

I consist in MUCH.

In camps, about the centre, I always appear:  
In smiling meadows I'm seen throughout the whole year;

The mute angler views me in the murmuring streams,

And all must permit me within their morning dreams:

First in every mob conspicuously I stand,  
Proud of the lead, and eternally in command  
I'm seen in the Museum by all youthful sages;

I lead the gay music that decks its rear pages.  
Were it not for my power, no mercy could be shown,

No mild compassion to the heart ever known,  
Each sees me in himself, yet they all do agree  
That their hearts, or their persons, have no charms for me;

The chemist knows my virtue, for the richest kinds of ore

Need but my presence but to be always more.  
Further could I tell, but I will bid you adieu,  
Lest by prating, my name I may reveal to you.

Yours, &c.

E. R. P. & F. E. P.

MR. MERRY:

If you will insert the following lines in the Museum, you will confer a great favor upon

Your juvenile friend,

E. R. P.

### WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To whit! To whit! To whee!"

Will you listen to me?

Who stole four eggs I laid,

And the nice nest I made."



"Not I," said the cow, "Moo oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do.  
I gave you a wisp of hay,  
But didn't take your nest away.  
Not I," said the cow, "Moo oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!  
Now what do you think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow wow!  
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.  
I gave hairs the nest to make,  
But the nest I didn't take.  
Not I," said the dog, "Bow wow!  
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!  
Now what do you think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo coo! Coo coc! Coo coo!  
Let me speak a word, too.  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep, "O, no!  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.  
I gave wool the nest to line,  
But the nest was none of mine.  
Baa, baa!" said the sheep, "O, no!  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!  
Now what do you think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo coo! Coo coo! Coo coo!  
Let me speak a word, too.  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From the little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow  
"I should like to know  
What thief took away  
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen  
"Don't ask me again.  
Why, I haven't a chick  
Would do such a trick."

"We all gave her a feather,  
And she wove them together.  
I'd scorn to intrude  
On her or her brood;  
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,  
"Don't ask me again."

"Chir-a-whir! Chir-a-whir!  
We will make a great stir!  
Let us find out his name,  
And all cry, For shame!"

"I would not rob a bird,"  
Said little Mary Green;  
"I think I never heard  
Of any thing so mean."

"'Tis very cruel, too,"  
Said little Alice Neal;  
"I wonder if he knew  
How sad the bird would feel!"

A little boy hung down his head,  
And went and hid behind the bed;  
For HE stole that pretty nest  
From poor little yellow-breast;  
And he felt so full of shame  
He did not like to tell his name.

*Mrs. Child*

[For the Museum.]

## THE DISCONSOLATE SQUIRREL.

IN a pleasant wood, on the western side of a ridge of mountains, there lived a squirrel, who had passed two or three years of his life very happily. At length, he began to grow discontented, and one day fell into the following soliloquy :—

"What! must I spend all my time in this spot, running up and down the same tree, gathering nuts, and dozing away months together in the same hole? I see a great many of the birds that inhabit this wood ramble about at a distance wherever their fancy leads them; and, at the approach of winter, go to some remote country, and enjoy summer weather the whole year. My neighbor Cuckoo tells me he is just going; and even little Chickadee will soon follow. To be sure, I have not wings, like them, but I have nimble legs, and if one does not use them, he might as well be a mole or a dormouse. I dare say I could easily reach that blue ridge which I see from the tops of the trees, which must be a fine place, for the sun comes directly from it every morning, and it often appears tinged with red and yellow, and variegated colors. There can be no harm, at least, in trying, for, if I don't like it, I can return soon. I am resolved to go to-morrow morning."

When Squirrel had taken this resolution, the thoughts caused him a sleepless night, and, at peep of day, prudently taking as much food as he could in his cheek-pouches, he began his long journey. He presently left the wood, and entered upon the moors that lay near it. Having eaten his breakfast with good relish, he began to ascend the adjacent hills about sunrise. This was heavy, toilsome work; but Squirrel, being used to climbing, proceeded expeditiously. Often, however, he was obliged to stop and breathe. Once, while resting, he was shot at by a sportsman: this scared him so that he ran nearly a mile without stopping; and about noon reached the first cliff. Here he sat down to eat his dinner, and, looking back, was greatly pleased with the fine prospect. His deserted country

lay far beneath, and he viewed it scornfully. When he looked forward, however, he was somewhat discouraged to observe that another eminence rose above him, full as distant as that which he had attained; and he began to feel rather weary. However, after a little rest, he set out briskly. The ground was rugged, and, to his great surprise, as he got nearer the sun it grew colder; and he had not travelled two hours before his strength and spirits were nearly exhausted, and he seriously thought of returning before night. While thus meditating, the clouds assembled near the mountain, and a storm of mingled snow and rain came down, driven by a violent wind, which disabled poor Squirrel; and besides, losing his road, he did not know what course to take to reach that despised and now desired home. The storm lasted till the approach of night, and it was as much as he could do to shelter himself beneath the hollow of a rock, which was near, and which was the best lodging he could find for the night. His provisions were spent, so that, hungry and shivering, he crept into the farthest corner of the cavern, and, wrapping his tail around him, he got a little sleep, though much disturbed by the cold and the howling of the wind.

The morning broke over the distant tops of the mountains, when Squirrel, half frozen and famished, came out of his lodging, and advanced toward the brow of the hill, to discover the road to his home. As he was slowly creeping along, a hungry kite, soaring in the air, descried him, and, making a stoop, carried him off in her talons. Poor Squirrel, losing his senses with the fright, was borne away with vast rapidity, and seemed inevitably doomed to become the food of the kite's young ones, when an eagle, who had seen the young kite seize her prey, pursued her, and, overtaking her, gave her such a buffet as caused her to drop the squirrel in order to defend herself. The poor animal kept falling through the air a long time, till at last he alighted in the midst of a thick tree, the leaves and tender boughs of which so broke his fall, that, though stunned and breathless, he escaped without material injury, and, after living a

while, came to himself again. But what were his pleasure and surprise, to find himself in the very tree which contained his nest! "Ah!" said he, "my dear native place and peaceful home! if I ever am again tempted to leave you, may I undergo, a second time, all the miseries and dangers from which I have so miraculously escaped." E. R. P.

☞ We find that some of our young friends have been trying to see how many words they could make of the letters contained in the word *philanthropist*. One says he has made sixty, one seventy, one a hundred; and N. O., Jr. tells the following story:—

*Townshend, Vt., October 7, 1845.*

MR. MERRY:

BEING somewhat pleased with the mode of amusement adopted by your correspondent T. P., of Lebanon, I have ventured to try it a little myself. From the word *Philanthropist*, he boasts of having made seventy-five words, without the aid of any other letters. I have taken the same word, and from its letters have succeeded in making one hundred and eighty-five words! Will Mr. T. P. give us another specimen of his ingenuity?

Yours, respectfully,

N. O., Jr.

Bravo, Master N. O.! but see here, what J. J., of New Jersey, has done!

*Newark, October 12, 1845.*

MR. MERRY:

WHEN I saw what your correspondent T. P. said, that he had made seventy-five words out of the letters in *philanthropist*, I thought he must be a smart fellow, or a great brag; but, after trial, I found I could easily beat him. I send you a list of more than two hundred words I have made out of the same letters; and I have not put in what are called proper names—that is, the names of persons or places. If I had been allowed to put in

these, I could have added many more. Here is the list.

Arson	halt	nip	paint	rasp	span	spat
apron	hoar	nap	pat	rail	sit	Tarnish
air	hoist	nod	port	rash	spit	trash
ant	Irish	Oil	pain	rot	spot	train
asp	iris	oat	pianist	riot	soar	trait
at	iron	oar	past	roan	stop	tit
as	its	on	plash	roast	spin	tip
ail	is	oath	plaint	raisin	solar	that
art	in	Parish	phia!	Short	star	tart
ash	into	pliant	post	shirt	eat	than
apt	iota	patriot	pith	shorn	spar	trail
artist	Last	patrol	path	slap	ship	tar
April	lost	patron	pair	slat	stair	tun
ah	lash	piston	part	slant	salt	thirst
Harp	lath	pistol	par	slop	sir	top
hat	lap	potash	poh	soil	sin	tin
hilt	lip	piano	plan	slip	start	this
hop	list	pastor	plot	slit	sit	thorn
hit	loath	pot	pail	shin	spirt	torn
hot	lot	pin	plait	shot	spirit	tail
hair	lint	pan	plain	strip	sport	ton
hist	hisp	point	print	strap	sharp	toast
hip	loam	prop	pilot	atrop	strain	till
host	lop	pit	plant	sail	stain	tint
hash	North	pint	Rain	sort	aprain	taint
his	no	pip	rip	soap	shop	trap
has	nash	pap	rap	slip	splash	total
hail	not	pop	rau	son	snort	thin
hart	nail	pant	rat	sot	spilt	tailor

Now, Mr. Merry, if any of your correspondents can beat this, let them say so. Until I hear from you again, I propose that your correspondents shall see how many words they can make out of *cosmopolite*.

Yours,

J— J—.

We have a pleasant letter from our little friend at Randolph, E— F—h; also, a very neatly-written epistle, with a correct solution of an enigma in a former number, &c., a good story from H. H., lines from P—s, a pretty note from W. S. M., of Dorchester, and a riddle from S. S.,—all of which we are reluctantly obliged to pass over, as our pages are full.

Good-by, good friends and true,

Good-by, Black Eyes and Blue,

But come, come again!

Come, one and all,

Come on, boys and girls,

Come great and come small.—

Old Parley and Merry

Will be glad to see you,—very!

## Good-By to 1845.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

WITH ANIMATION.

Good - by, Old Year! thy flowers are fled, Thy

green leaves all are sere and dead; A wind - ing sheet of

snow doth lie Up - on thy bo - som - so, good - by!

Good-by, old Eighteen Forty-Five!  
The bees are housed within the hive;  
The birds have sought a milder sky;  
And so, Old Year, good-by, good-by!

Good-by to all thy leafy bowers,  
Thy sunny days, and moonlit hours,  
Thy balmy morn, thy sunset sky,  
Thy shine and shade, — to all, good-by!

Good-by to all thy melodies,  
The minstrelsy of birds and bees,

Thy joyous echoes, and the sigh  
Of rippling waters, — all, good-by!

Good-by to each fond hope and scheme  
That danced with thee along life's stream —  
Bubbles that lightly come, and fly —  
To all these fairy thoughts, — good-by!

Good-by, old Eighteen Forty-Five,  
Thy memory only now can live;  
On time's swift car we forward fly;  
And so, Old Year, good-by, good-by



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